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THE BYSTANDER
July 31, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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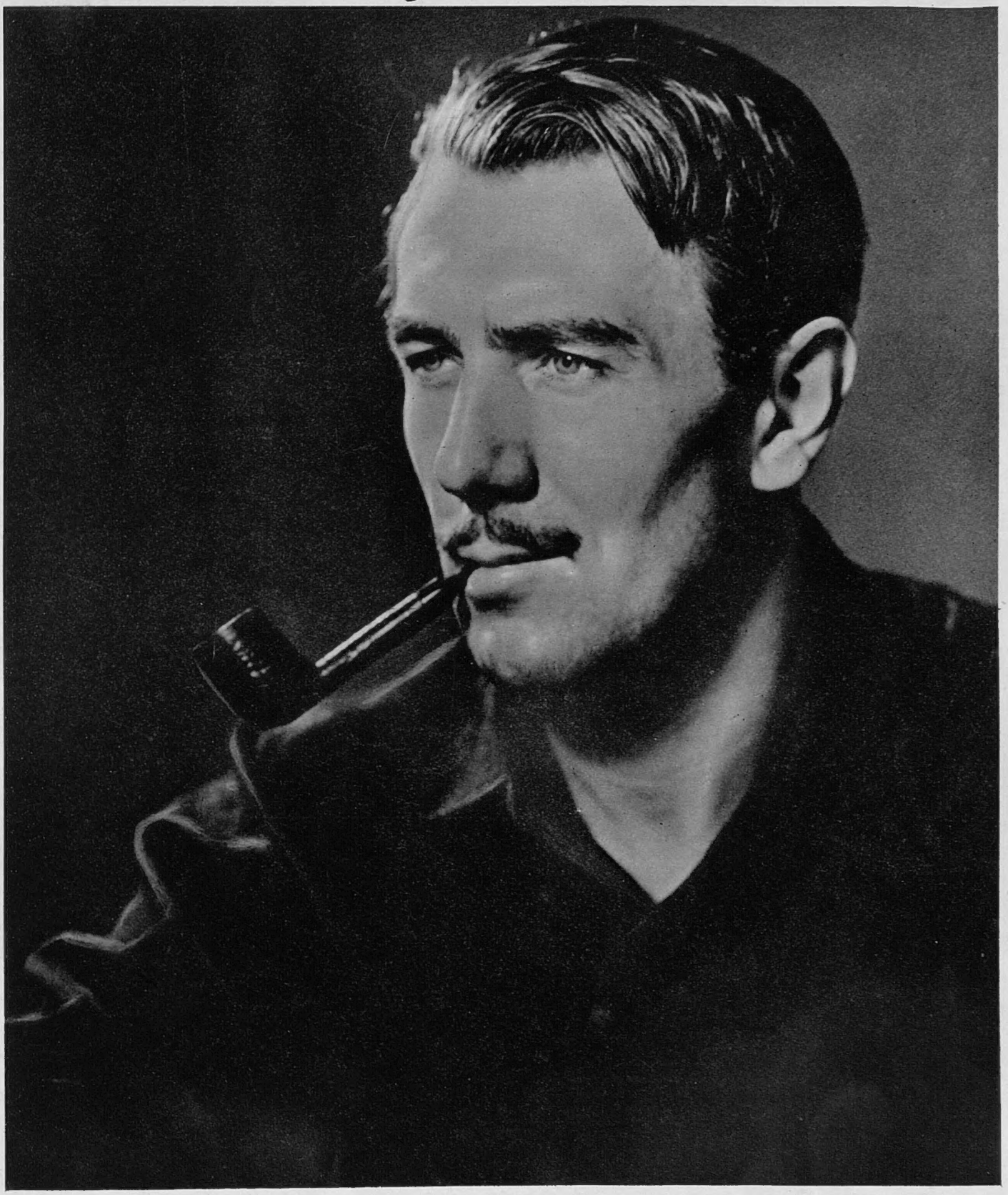


Anthony

Michael Redgrave as Charleston in "Thunder Rock"

"This ivory tower idea won't work!" So his friend Streeter tells Charleston, the young American journalist who is the chief character of Robert Ardrey's much-discussed play. Why Charleston was driven to find himself an ivory tower in a lighthouse, how and why he comes to recognise that Streeter spoke the truth and that the world is, after all, worth the courage and faith necessary to live in it, is, baldly, the theme of *Thunder Rock*. So great was the interest aroused by the play during its run at the Neighbourhood Theatre that Michael Redgrave was frequently stopped in the street by strangers who asked him, "What does Charleston do when he picks up his rifle and leaves the lighthouse?" Redgrave rightly insists that each individual who sees *Thunder Rock* must find his own answer to this question. Now that the play has been transferred (with the fine original cast and Herbert Marshall production) to the Globe Theatre, the debate will be continued in a wider circle

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THERE is nothing to be said about the Budget, except that we are going to win the war and that, in order to win it, we are prepared to spend every penny we 've got. And that 's all.

MARSHAL PÉTAIN is going to put on trial MM. Daladier, Delbos, Campinchi and Mandel for their responsibility in declaring war against Germany. They are to be tried, that is to say, for honouring France's solemn pledges to her Allies, Britain and Poland. A second charge is to be that they conducted the war badly. M. Daladier, at any rate, may find it difficult to rebut this charge. The only real accusation which the Vichy Government can bring against M. Campinchi is that he made the French Navy into a formidable instrument of war, and their only charge against M. Mandel can be that he inherited the ideas of his former chief and idol, M. Clemenceau. M. Mandel wanted to fight Germany to a finish, just as M. Clemenceau did. So he is to be tried by Marshal Pétain, who did not.

MARSHAL PÉTAIN has other trials in view. Three former Ministers are to be court-martialled for abandoning their posts. If the gallant Marshal is going to court-martial every Frenchman in authority who abandoned his post between May 10th and the Armistice in the forest of Rethondes, he has got a busy time in front of him. Indeed, he might well start with an auto-court-martial.

GENERAL DE GAULLE and his staff have moved into a new headquarters at No. 4, Carlton Gardens. This building was until recently the office of a firm of paint manufacturers, and it was the casus belli in the great battle of Carlton House Terrace seven or eight years ago. The site belongs to the Crown, and a terrific hullabaloo was raised when it was discovered that Sir John Gilmour, who was then Chief Commissioner of Crown Lands, had leased the site of No. 4, Carlton Gardens to the paint firm, and given them permission to build the huge, unsightly Portland stone building which now towers over Nash's stucco frontage on the Mall. Mr. Walter Elliot succeeded Sir John and stoutly defended the transaction, and in the end the paint-makers built their offices. But the Carlton House Terrace Defence Committee had the satisfaction of knowing that they prevented such a thing happening again.

THE new changes in the Army High Command are all to the good. Field-Marshal Sir Edmund Ironside was, without doubt, a soldier of considerable ability, but he lacked the experience of modern warfare, which is so essential nowadays. Nor was he very happy in his relationship with the Press and with publicity in general. At least one of his interviews was a rather unfortunate affair, and on another occasion it required all Fleet Street's well-known public spirit and co-operation to suppress one of the gallant officer's remarks. The three key positions are now held by the three men who fought in Flanders—Sir John Dill, Sir Alan Brooke and Lord Gort.

THE position of the enemy aliens has been altered by Sir John Anderson, but only altered a fraction of an inch. Some of them are to be released from internment because they are ill, and some because they are useful to the nation, but there is to be no general release of friendly aliens, however clear the case may be that they are passionately anti-Nazi. But even in this small concession Sir John Anderson made no attempt to explain or defend the deportations. We know now that the deportations, in general, were ordered by Mr. Chamberlain's Committee. We do not know the principle on which Mr. Chamberlain's Committee worked. There are innumerable dreadful cases. For example : a boy aged eighteen had got a scholarship at Oxford. He was suddenly taken by the police and is now on his way to Australia in the clothes that he stood up in. No member of his family was told. Mr. Peter Stadlen, one of the greatest of all modern pianists, who lives for nothing except his art, was suddenly taken and is now on his way to Australia. A famous Austrian composer, Dr. Wellesz, an elderly man, was invited by Oxford University to become Professor of Byzantine music there. Professor Wellesz was seized by the police three weeks ago, and nothing has since been heard of him.

***Commander** in succession to Major-General McNaughton of the First Canadian Overseas Division, now in England, Major-General George R. Pearkes, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., is a former member of the North-West Mounted Police. He rose from the ranks to command a battalion in the last war, was several times wounded and won his V.C. in 1917*

***Director,** appointed by General de Gaulle, of all French mercantile shipping in British waters, M. de Malglaive is London Director of the French Line, which has closed down for the duration. He will work in close collaboration with the British Ministry of Shipping*

***Volunteer** Lord Marley now drills by the side of a House of Commons messenger as a member of the Houses of Parliament detachment of the Home Guard. An ex-Major in the Royal Marine Artillery, Lord Marley won the D.S.C. in the last war and has been Under-Secretary for War and Vice-President of the Army Council*

I WONDER if the full story of the Arandora Star will ever be told. Every department of the Government maintains with feverish energy that it was no concern of theirs. No one seems to know who was on board, and why, and where the refugees were going to, and who had made the order. No one seems to know why the first official lists of the drowned were sent to the Swiss authorities who are representing Germany and Italy in this country. No one, in fact, seems to know anything about it except me, and all that I know is that the whole thing is a shocking disgrace.

A COLOSSAL social revolution has taken place in this country within the last fortnight, and no one has noticed its significance. Every expectant and nursing mother and every child under five who does not go to school can now buy a pint of milk for 2d. a go. Furthermore—and this is the really important point—when the parents' basic income is less than forty shillings a week they can get the pint free. This may be the beginning of something really enormous in the way of social reform.

THE Prime Minister has a phrase for it. He has a phrase for everything. "This movement to create a Silent Column," he said, "has passed into what is called in the United States 'innocuous desuetude.'" So ends a rather unfortunate excursion by Messrs. Cooper and Nicholson. It is time those boys started visiting pubs and finding out a little of what the Englishman thinks, and it is time that they appointed Mr. J. B. Priestley as Director of Home Publicity. Not only is Mr. Priestley a greater man than both of them put together, but he knows more about the English than the whole of the Ministry of Information put together.

THE tea ration undoubtedly falls much more heavily on certain classes of people than on others. For example, underground workers in the mines take cold tea with them when they go to work, and when the mines are particularly hot they need large quantities. The Ministry of Food has made an excellent concession in granting permits for extra tea to workers who cannot go to a registered canteen during working hours. But old people also—old-age pensioners, for example—need more tea than the young. Mr. Boothby, however, has made it quite clear that, at the moment, it is impossible to make any distinction between ages and that apart from this one important concession the tea ration must remain at two ounces a week.

A BEAUTIFUL example of red tape comes in the case of a gentleman who, up till recently, was in a reserved occupation in the Channel Islands. He has now come to this country, and is enthusiastically anxious to enlist in the Army. He is not allowed to at the moment, because he is in a reserved occupation which no longer exists. Fortunately the Minister of Labour has not much use for red tape, and I fancy that Mr. Bevin will settle this case pretty quickly.

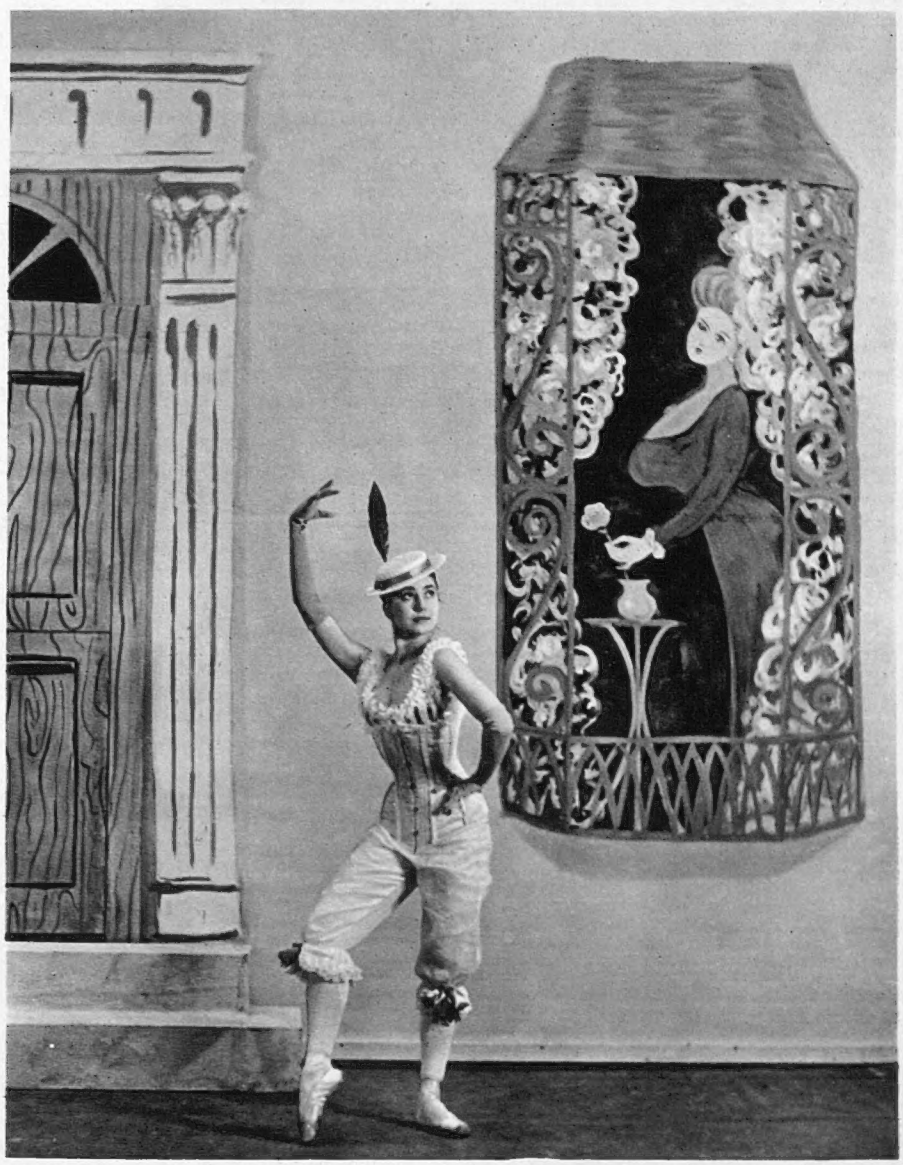
A GERMAN commercial traveller recently arrived at Istanbul to collect orders for his firm. In the middle of his campaign he suddenly had to cancel all the orders which he had booked because the R.A.F. had dropped a covey of bombs on his factory and annihilated it. The *Manchester Guardian* headed their paragraph about this sad little story with the words: "The business that went with a bang."

A CORRECTION

In last week's "Bystander," under a wedding picture of Flt.-Lieut. and Mrs. C. R. Kelaher, we stated that Mrs. Kelaher was the daughter of Sir Alfred Watson and the late Lady Watson. She was, in fact, Rosalie Phyllis Gros, is the daughter of the present Lady Watson, and step-daughter of Sir Alfred Watson. We much regret this mistake.

Demonstrator *of a model air-raid shelter which he and his fellow-members of the A.R.P. co-ordinating committee, composed of architects, doctors, scientists and surveyors, feel would be an improvement on the present facilities in the poorer quarters of towns, Professor J. B. S. Haldane took his plan along to Sir John Anderson, Minister of Home Security*

Inspection *of defences in the Southern Command was carried out recently by the Prime Minister, living well up to himself with cigar and funny hat. He was accompanied by Lieut.-General Sir Alan Brooke, K.C.B., D.S.O., who had personal experience of 1940-style warfare when in command of the Second Corps of the B.E.F. in France before becoming G.O.C.-in-C., Southern Command, and now Field-Marshal Sir Edmund Ironside's successor as C.-in-C., Home Forces. Mr. Churchill was enthusiastically greeted by the troops wherever he went, and took a thorough look at the tremendous work of defence construction which is going on throughout the Command, even reverting to an old hobby of his by laying a brick or two on a pill-box he watched being constructed*



Polka, *Margot Fonteyn's dance, is, as before, a jaunty, witty little number which demands the utmost precision and polish. She now performs it in a costume of delicious absurdity—pale pink corsets, long white drawers, a straw boater, and gloves, ribbons, and feather of light, sharp magenta*

Foxtrot *is new—a brilliantly cruel caricature of t June Brae and Pamela May are unrecognisable in thi slave bangles with handkerchief duly tucked through, an coated, in horn-rimmed spectacles, Robert Helpman*

Photographs by Anthony

A New "Façade"

The Ashton-Walton Divertissements Have Been Redressed by John Armstrong for the "Indefinite" Sadler's Wells Season

Between *Giselle* and *Façade* last Tuesday night, Ninette de Valois came in front of the curtain and told a capacity house that the summer season of opera and ballet at Sadler's Wells is to be prolonged indefinitely. This announcement, which was made because the original fortnight's extension of the season had only produced longer and longer booking-office queues, was greeted by an explosion of jubilant cheers. The audience, having already been spellbound by one of the loveliest performances of *Giselle* ever given at the Wells, then settled down to amuse themselves with *Façade*. This nine-year-old divertissement ballet (first produced by Frederick Ashton to William Walton's orchestral suite for the Camargo Society in 1931) has now been redressed and given a new setting by John Armstrong, and Ashton has added two new numbers. One of them, "Noche Espagnol," is an amusing burlesque solo of pseudo-Spanish dancing, executed by Ashton himself. The other, "Foxtrot," is a pas de quatre which makes everyone over thirty-five writhe with shame to think that that was what they really did and looked like fifteen or so years ago. John Armstrong's new costumes and decor are even better and wittier than his original ones, though some may regret Helpmann's tweed-hatted, white-spatted Squire, and others may mourn the absent-minded cow. But the be-bosomed lady in the window and the combinations on the clothes-line are acceptable substitutes

Popular song *is an old friend in better and brighter blazers. Richard Ellis and Jack Hart are the pair of young sparks whose blasé step-dancing takes off to the last hat-lift a thousand music-hall turns*

ctic, hideous dance gaiety of the early 'twenties. ad-rags of knee-length skirts, hip-waists, beads, orgette bound low over their foreheads. White- nd Frederick Ashton are their partners

Scotch rhapsody, *with which "Façade" begins, has been little changed. Guinevere Parry, Molly Brown and Claude Newman now wear brief brown kilts with bobbling sporrans. During their mock reel a florid Spanish gentleman (Ashton) silently serenades the well-shaped lady painted on the back-drop (see first picture)*

Yodelling song *has a charming new Milkmaid in Julia Farron (with her hair in curl-papers). The three Mountaineers (of Austrian derivation) who help her with her milking are Jack Hart, Richard Ellis and Michael Somes*

Tango *is another old friend, danced by a 1914 Debutante (Margot Fonteyn) in hobble-skirted scarlet velvet and black stockings, shoes, and gloves, and a sinister, sinuous Dago. Frederick Ashton takes this part, and has an amusing new number of his own, "Noche Espagnol"*

Lord and Lady David Douglas-Hamilton, Their Son and Nephew

The former Prunella Stack, leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, had her baby son just over a month ago. She and her husband, the late Duke of Hamilton's youngest son, were married in 1938, are now living in Savernake Forest, Wiltshire. With them is their nephew, the nearly-two-years-old Angus Marquess of Clydesdale. Lord David Douglas-Hamilton is a pilot officer in the R.A.F.V.R.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. T. Holmes and Their Son

E. R. T. Holmes, the former Surrey captain and Test player, recently saw his daughter Lavinia christened. He is now a Gunner. He married last year Mrs. Judy Vaughan, daughter of the Rev. F. A. G. Leveson Gower and niece of the famous cricketer, H. D. G. Leveson Gower. She has a son and two daughters by her first marriage

People in the Lighter News

Lady Brooke, Two Children, and Two Dogs

Lady Brooke, wife of General Sir Alan Brooke, the new C.-in-C., Home Forces, lives in Hampshire with her two young children, Kathleen and Victor, and two dogs, Zip and Peg. Lady Brooke is Sir Alan Brooke's second wife, was the widow of Sir Thomas Lees, Bt. Her husband has two children by his first wife who died in 1925—a son in the Gunners, and a daughter Rosemary who is a F.A.N.Y. section-leader (sergeant)

Lady Helen Jessel as Art Teacher

At the social club opened in the Harrow Road by the Hon. Mrs. May Johnson, Lady Helen Jessel is one of the voluntary helpers in the nursery. The club, Beauchamp Lodge, is for women—war-workers and wives and mothers of war-workers—a place where they can sew, knit, read, talk, play games, and a nursery and clinic where children can be left during working hours. Lady Helen Jessel is the Marquess of Londonderry's third daughter and wife of Lord Jessel's heir. She has a five-year-old son of her own and a baby daughter born in April

The Hon. Lady Ward and Mrs. Gilbert Elliot

Dudley House, Park Lane home of the Hon. Lady Ward, has been open since February as a depot for American gifts to Britain, is now the centre to which all gifts for civilian relief are sent. These are granted free shipping space by the Ministry of Shipping and free entry into the country. Lady Ward is the daughter of the late Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador in London. Her husband, the Earl of Dudley's uncle, died two years ago. Mrs. Gilbert Elliot was the former Marguerita Barbey, of New York; her late husband was a kinsman of the Earl of Minto, and her son married the Earl of Jersey's younger sister

Lady Robertson as Packer

Among the American-born women packing and distributing gifts at Dudley House is Lady Robertson, wife of Sir Malcolm Robertson, former British Ambassador to the Argentine. She was Gladys Ingalls, of Washington, and Hot Springs, is head of the Dudley House workers

Bicycling Duchess

The Duchess of Atholl is one of thousands who have re-discovered the uses and pleasures of bicycling. She wheels daily from Eastwood, her Perthshire home, to Dunkeld, where she runs the Perthshire Red Cross (as president), and takes an active part in a dozen enterprises of local and public interest

Dr. Morgan, M.P., and His Family

Dr. Hyacinth B. W. Morgan has succeeded W. T. Kelly as Labour Member for Rochdale. Mr. Kelly retired three weeks ago. His successor is physician at Manor House Hospital, medical adviser to the T.U.C. and the Post Office Workers' Union. His wife and daughters, Sheila Beryl and Moyne Clare, saw him take his seat last week

Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Sykes, M.P.

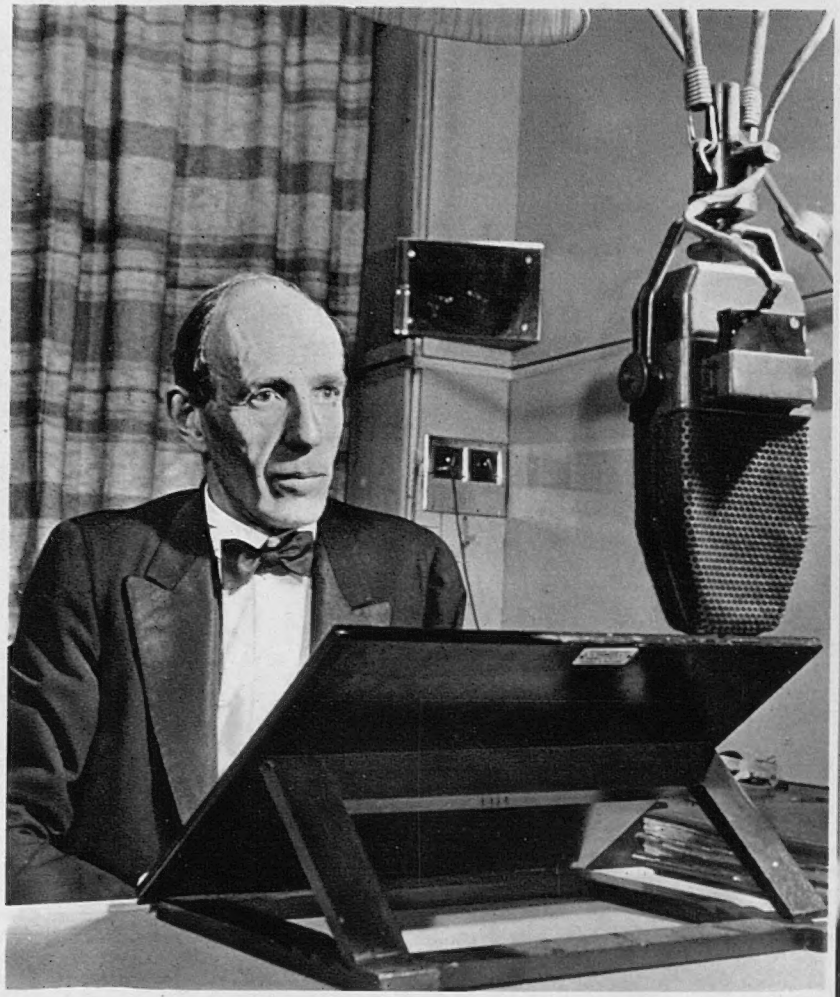
Lady Sykes saw her husband take his seat as Conservative Member for Central Nottingham, where he has succeeded the late Sir Terence O'Connor. Sir Frederick Sykes has had a distinguished career as soldier and public servant; his wife was Isabel Bonar Law, daughter of the late Andrew Bonar Law

Dr. Anna Glover

The first woman doctor promoted to senior Army rank is Dr. Anna Reaveley Glover, now the equivalent of a major in the R.A.M.C. She has been appointed Deputy Assistant Director of Medical Services for the A.T.S. Eastern Command, was formerly Deputy M.O. at Holloway Prison

Voices of Britain

Three Important Speechmakers Of The Last Week



Foreign Secretary *Lord Halifax broadcast to this country, the Empire and the United States what was generally interpreted abroad to be Britain's official No to Hitler's untrustworthy offers of peace. "We never wanted the war," said Lord Halifax; "certainly no one here wants the war to go on for a day longer than is necessary. But we shall never stop fighting till freedom, for ourselves and others, is secure." Hitler's speech he noted for "its distortions of almost every main event since the war began." Hitler's "only appeal was to the base instinct of fear, and his only arguments were threats." Against the Nazi idea of a Europe under the overlordship of Germany the Foreign Secretary set the idea expounded by Mr. Roosevelt and by General Smuts of a free association of independent States*

Minister of Health *Malcolm MacDonald, speaking to the National Defence Public Interest Committee, reviewed the work of his Ministry in wartime. "It has been charged," he said, "with two war tasks of particular importance—prevention and cure. The first is to prevent people from being injured by enemy bombs, and the second is to cure people if, unfortunately, they have been injured. The first is the organisation of the Government's schemes of evacuation, and the second is the administration of a gigantic emergency hospital service." Mr. MacDonald quoted figures to show the desirability of evacuation, saying that whereas bombs in towns killed or injured on an average three people each, in the country it took fifteen bombs to kill three people. He added that each bomb killed also ·1 of a hen and of a pig, ·01 of a sheep, ·006 of a cow, and ·0007 (recurring) of a rabbit*

Chancellor of the Exchequer *Sir Kingsley Wood opened in the House of Commons the third war Budget, a Budget which sought by means of a wide field of increased taxation and the imposition of a new purchase tax to provide for some part of our immensely swollen war expenditure. In the opinion of many financial experts Sir Kingsley did not go far enough to meet without inflation the immense financial burden the war has laid upon us and which the people have shown they are prepared to make any sacrifices to meet. For a major part of the bill we must pay, reliance is still placed on voluntary loans and as "The Times" said, "any serious attempt to grapple with the financial difficulties of the war has been postponed for the second time"*

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

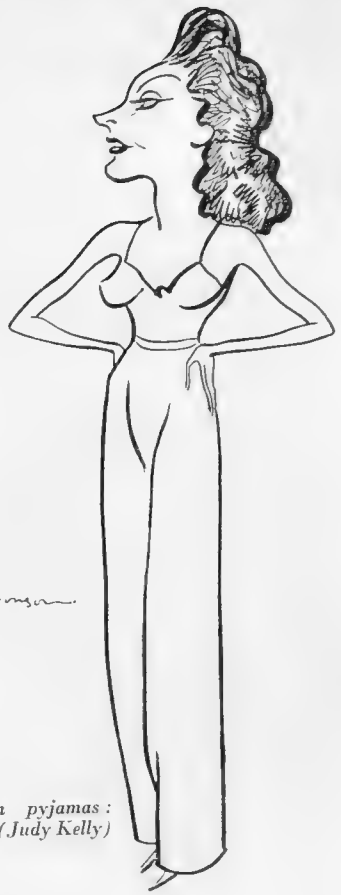
"Women Aren't Angels" (Strand)

THE appeal of this risible and, in spots, roarable farce depends largely on the humours of undressing and dressing-up. We all know by now that Mr. Robertson Hare is not Mr. Robertson Hare if, some time during the evening, he is not deprived of his nether garments. This is his signature situation. But not only Mr. Hare is compelled, for want of a wardrobe, to open the second act of *Women Aren't Angels* in pyjamas. Mr. Alfred Drayton and Miss Judy Kelly are similarly predicamented, some mysterious agent of Nazi sympathies (what those Nazis won't do!) having whisked away their clothes while they slept.

As a consequence of this, we soon find Mr. Hare (not, I think, for the first time) in a kilt with sporran beneath. We also see Mr. Drayton, certainly for the first time, in the traditional fit-up-melodrama riding-habit of a squire. Meanwhile, Miss Kelly gets into the village rig-out of Miss Ethel Coleridge, and looks twice as nice in it as she did in her Grosvenor Street slumbersuit, which slumbersuit is now incongruously tenanted by Miss Ethel Coleridge. Which, with Mr. James Hayter looking as rum as he can in the clothes originally sported by Mr. Hare, carries us well through the second act. Remains the third, when, after some manœuvring, Mr. Hare and Mr. Drayton are provided with an opportunity to get into the Service uniforms, naval and military, previously worn by their stage wives, Miss Constance Lorne and Miss Ruth Maitland. And very funny in them they (and especially Mr. Drayton) are.

IT is, of course, Mr. Drayton with his baleful eye and Mr. Hare with his twittering glint who raise the bulk of the laughter. They are directly descended from Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn, and from Sidney Howard and Leslie Henson, who appeared at the Strand first in *It's a Boy* and then in *It's a Girl*. On the same principle, Mr. Drayton and Mr. Hare, having scored in Mr. Vernon Sylvaine's *Aren't Men Beasts?* now score in his *Women Aren't Angels*, a title that has no particular connection with this particular farce, although, so far as wives are concerned, it is applicable to ninety-nine per cent. of the farces ever written. What poor mutts the husbands are! And what ominous and forbidding termagants their suspicious spouses! A telegram from the missus to say that she may be expected at any moment, what a blow it is! And the entrance of an unmarried lady, especially if she has a foreign accent, how saturated with sex-appeal!

SO *Women Aren't Angels*, although it has a topical touch, is really old wine in a new bottle. But also, although it is really old wine in a new bottle, there is plenty to laugh at and not one unprofessional moment. A word of praise for Mr. Lloyd Pearson's ebullient and wholly delightful major. And for Mr. Richard Bird's racy and resourceful direction.



Minx in pyjamas: Frankie (Judy Kelly)

Sketches by Rouson

Emergency Dress: Alfred Bandle (Alfred Drayton) and Wilmer Popday (Robertson Hare) after his usual debagging

"Damn good — damn good!" Philandering major (Lloyd Pearson)

The Female of the Species: Mmes. Bandle (Ruth Maitland) and Popday (Constance Lorne)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WE 'VE always recommended chaps desirous of a life of adventure to settle in some sweet English village where any newcomer of less than forty years' continuous residence is a freak, a foreigner, an outrage, an imposition, and a target for rook-rifles. (" The men of the Weald," says Mr. Belloc truly, speaking of the Sussex hinterland, " drive out men odious to them in a manner sometimes subtle, sometimes brutal, always in the long run successful.") If this was true of Arcadia in peacetime, it is doubly true in war. A chap tells us that his village now has an attractive air of Old Russia, one of the local big bonnets having Fifth Column mania and reporting every surviving newcomer to the police, who are confidently expected to go round soon and brand each suspect with a large " S " on the forehead. Up to now none of the falsely-accused has up and given the delator a healing sock on the snozzle or sued him for slander, but betting at the Blue Lion is now odds-on. Meanwhile (adds this chap) Arcadia's warlike preparations are tinged with bitter-sweet melancholy, and the peasantry are a trifle distrait. Ready and eager to take a crack at the Germans, those of the rude four-flushers of the hamlet who have rifles and ball-cartridge supplied by the Government feel they might while away the waiting time very agreeably by taking a crack at the next village, whose inhabitants they dislike almost equally. Hence the need sometimes for exquisite diplomatic tact in organising L.D.V. posts in places where two villages overlap. Patriotism, however, wins, and the common enemy must and will be disposed of before Pleasure resumes her sway.

If you deem this to be romancing, let us recount a typical Arcadian incident of the early days of the L.D.V. A rural deputation waited on a section-commander of our acquaintance and wanted to know whether the idea was that they were to defend their homes. Certainly, he said. Well, they said, here was a girt ole observation-post right bang down the road in Manglehurst, and danged if they 'd defend that lot. A little adjustment, as the Whitehall boys say smoothly, was soon made and all was well ; but it shows what sacrifices Arcadia is making for the common cause.

" It's hopeless, sir, he's always two commands behind"

Idols

CLAUDETTE COLBERT having refused to recognise the Vichy Government and the Dionne Quintuplets having been photographed in line saluting the Union Jack, one might say that things are not going too badly for us in one way and another, though Shirley Temple's attitude towards the recent demand from Vichy for reparations for damaging the French Fleet still remains to be announced. We note also that Mr. Charles Laughton has just acquired a Hollywood estate with a floodlit swimming-pool, which shows that Goering's threats cannot intimidate a true Briton. The rest of the British colony in Hollywood, private advices assure us, is still determined to assist Great Britain in any way possible, short of actual war, and the action of the British Embassy in sending home a few actors of military age has caused a feeling that this is, strictly speaking, an infringement of neutrality. There was no Hollywood to speak of in the last war, and that minority of British stage idols who were firm for neutrality had to practise it at home, which was much more difficult, unless you happened to be in some sort of uniform. Conditions are entirely different now and the average West End jeune premier, being well over military age, will probably never be called up ; which is slightly disappointing, no doubt, to those fans who might have wanted to see how he looked in the uniform of World War II. as compared with that of World War I., and maybe the Boer War as well. Don't accuse us of the ill-bred habit of making jokes about a gentleman's age, we beg. Longevity on the West End stage happens to be a topic we 're deeply and scientifically interested in, and the spectacle of flaming youth tottering on and off the boards or creaking its way through some mad, gay dance invariably moves us to enthusiasm, reminding us of Lady Dumbleton in Wilde's play, " who has been thirty-five ever since she arrived at the age of forty, which was many years ago now." We share, in fact, the Island reverence for the difficult art of staying young, and as some evergreen ballet idol skips cautiously on, the characteristic *plock* of our frantic palms is heard above all the thunders of applause.

" I 'm afraid we can't let you swim the Channel now, madam"

Flight

GERMAN Thought, which our dumber British intelligentsia have so long worshipped on all-fours—probably because they couldn't make head or tail of 75 per cent. of the writings of Sloggers Kant, Marx, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Nordau, *et al.*—continues to express itself in propaganda-psychology of the most crudely diverting kind : *e.g.*, that recent revelation by Goebbels, industriously plugged by Hitler in the Reichstag speech, that the British Cabinet is ready to leave the country in the lurch and fly to Canada. We fancy we know what suggested that theme. A number of Roedean girls were reported to have arrived in Canada a little time ago. Knowing Roedean girls to be the flower of fighting British girlhood, admired wherever the English tongue is spoken, and having had frequent confidential reports from secret agents of the reverent terror these stalwart babies inspire in the Island breast as they thunder down the stricken hockey-field, each accompanied by her personal maid—a typical falsehood, this procedure being exclusive to Heathfield—it was clear to the German Intelligence boys that Britain without her Roedean girls was half-sunk already. Only one other blow (they probably argued thence) could get us absolutely down and out, namely, a similar exodus of the Cabinet. Wherein they erred. They should have made it the M.C.C.

If we weren't too scared of Mr. Duff Cooper we could here and now embroider

the main lines of this attractive fantasy: the final panic scenes in the Committee Room at Lord's; the noble great pans ashy with fear; the historic straight bats on the walls warping and going crooked with shame; the pure white flannels dirty at the knees and stained with ignoble tears; the mingled cries of "Oh, hard cheese, sir!" and "Taxi!"; the pell-mell exit for Southampton at midnight; the shattered populace next day reeling brokenly home from Marylebone to hang itself. What a gift to Goebbels—and he picked on a lot of politicians instead, the fool!

Fodder

THAT citizen of Battersea who lives on raw grass was in the papers again recently, lunching rather self-consciously off a delicious dish of fresh golf-green mowings. Maybe grass eaten from choice has more food value than grass eaten from necessity—as for example during the Irish Famine of 1848, to which we owe so much Irish-American hostility—and being forced to follow a grass diet certainly brought Nebuchadnezzar to his senses quite soon. However, the graminivorous citizen of Battersea seems at least to have cut the ground from under the feet of the Harley Street dieticians very satisfactorily. Grass is just the sort of thing they'd be recommending as the ideal war diet now if he hadn't nipped in and stolen the publicity. Hence, as we perceive, Harley Street has swung deftly round on a less whimsy tack and is boosting wholemeal bread, fresh green vegetables, and in one case, frumenty, a favourite dish of our mediæval fathers, eaten especially on the vigil of Christmas; being a porridge of wheat, eggs, milk and saffron. A chap who has tried frumenty assures us that it is a highly pleasant dish, though it lacks the moral qualities of oatmeal, from which the Scots derive their superiority.

It would be difficult to coax the populace to eat dusky wholemeal bread, which is rich in vitamins and contains the essence of the wheat-berry. Ever since the Industrial Revolution they have spurned wholemeal in favour of dainty commercial white bread, practically devoid of these trimmings, and to this preference, an authority once assured us, we may trace the bowlegs, thrombosis, fallen arches, toothlessness, pink-eye, and strabismus which have heightened the Race's natural beauty for a century or more. So the scientists are putting the vitamin back into white bread. It's amusing to think that nowadays we have to call in owlish chaps using a special jargon to balance our diet. The mediæval peasant, who knew nothing of vitamins or calories, balanced his with ease, all by himself.

Rap

WHENEVER the B.B.C. boys hit on some really big new idea they get it promptly in the neck like a boomerang. The latest instance is that breezy running commentary on the recent air battle over the Straits of Dover, which has been described as "revolting" by several citizens in the Press. It depends how you look at these things, perhaps. When a group of rich New York sportsmen tried to charter aeroplanes for ringside seats at the Graf Spee show they were freely described in this country and their own as sensation hounds, battening on the pain and death of gallant fighting men. Every B.B.C. listener had a ringside seat for the Straits of Dover battle, and the commentary ("Oh, boy! I've never seen anything so good!") certainly was racy enough for any sporting event. In the absence of the Nosey Parkers of the mass-observation racket it's impossible to judge of the reaction on the British public as a whole, but we should imagine the broadcast left numbers of the more sensitive citizenry with a vague feeling of interior discomfort, the kind you get after swooshing down fifteen floors in a fast lift, or finding the *Daily Excess* quoting Scripture again. Many others were probably stimulated by it, and many again, we dare deduce, enjoyed it thoroughly but were virtuously indignant over the item following, like those sportsmen who throw live foxes to the hounds and on the way home give a carter in charge for working a lame horse. Personally we can't make up our mind whether the Dover commentary was in better or worse taste than those reconstructed battles the B.B.C. were giving us some time ago, in which actors impersonated leading fighting men recently fallen in action. In any case we sympathise, as fellow artists, with the unfortunate experts who devise these things. It reminds us of our temporary bondage years ago to the British film racket. Whenever we thought up something really striking and new, such as having the principal comedian fall in a bath of tar in the big laugh-sequence instead of debagging him as usual, there were bitter yells of "Highbrow!", and the entire conference table gnashed its dentures in hate and fury. It serves us originals right.

Chum

SOME of those curious units of the Great Soft Centre who, as Chesterton said, spell God backwards, are already squealing in the Press about the future status of bow-wows, who are already barred by the Government from public air-raid shelters and forbidden ration-cards. Worse may be in store for these citizens when food rations become National Preoccupation No. 1, and human beings (and even children) may have to be fed first. Liking bow-wows well enough but refusing doggedly to worship them, we should regret this hard necessity as much as anybody—that is to say, anybody reasonable: but bow-wows occupy such an important place in British life and thought nowadays that one may expect an outcry from the nation's *hystériques*. For even mentioning these possibilities we shall doubtless get a furious postcard or two in spidery handwriting.

The dumb chum we really are concerned about, as we've mentioned before, is the candid and honourable pig. Once the property and symbol of a solid English peasantry, he is a perpetual joy and solace to the thoughtful still, a perfect companion, one whose gambols never offend, and whose friendship is never debased by flattery or fawning. When better times return we hope (if alive) to wean the Island Race from doggie-worship to the friendship of the pig: a knotty task, undoubtedly, since it will involve a frontal attack on snobbery. But as we have a titled pig-fancier up our sleeve (like P. G. Wodehouse's Lord Emsworth, but far less cuckoo), that ought to go all right for the outer suburbs, anyway.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"This is very strange, my dear; the fifth column news is printed in the fourth column"

Films of the Day

American Masterpiece

By George Campbell

JOHN STEINBECK has made himself the champion of the American underdog. America, whose attitude to the underdog ranges from the timid humanitarianism of the New Dealers to the contemptuous indifference of the Republican business man, has rewarded him with fame and fortune. If there is irony in this, it is no fault of Mr. Steinbeck's. His sincerity is as superb as his art—is, indeed, the basis and motivating force of his art, without which *Of Mice and Men*, and now *The Grapes of Wrath*, would be just hick melodramas with a dash of Tolstoy and Gorky.

I hesitate to use the word "masterpiece," but if these two films do not deserve it, what film does, or is ever likely to? *Of Mice and Men* was the more dramatic, as one might expect of a story that came across the footlights with such terrific impact; but *The Grapes of Wrath* is the greater work. *Of Mice and Men*, with its migratory ranch hands, touched one phase of the problem. In *The Grapes of Wrath* it becomes universal. Mr. Steinbeck takes the little farmer of Oklahoma, dispossessed through drought and dust-storms and decrease of fertility, and makes him a symbol of all the landless men of all the ages.

A country less passionately individualistic would have tackled the problem long ago. In America's "dust bowls," nature just takes its course. And so the story opens with the Joads and their neighbours standing helplessly while the company's new tractors tear up as much land in a day as they ploughed together in a week; watching agonisedly while a tractor, with the horrible impersonal ruthlessness of a tank, passes through a farmer's shack and leaves it flat as a house of cards.

Lured by advertisements, "800 Pickers Wanted," with prettily coloured views of California's fruit ripening in green valleys, the Oklahoma farmers pile on to lorries held together by string and faith, and set out on the endless trek across mountain and desert in the spirit of the Israelites following Moses into the Promised Land. Some die by the roadside and are buried where they fall, with crossed sticks and a few ill-spelt, heartbreaking words scrawled on a piece of paper to mark the spot. Police hurry them on as suspicious vagrants; they sleep in horrible shanty towns, where children crowd around and watch every mouthful they eat with appealing eyes; and when they do reach California they find the advertisements are a swindle. The jobs are only temporary; for every vacancy there are a score of famished workers; contractors, backed up by ruthless strong-arm squads, force down the price of labour and herd the pickers into camps like the Roman latifundia.

How the old folk die, and Ma Joad fights an heroic, losing battle to hold the family together, and Tom falls foul of the law, and Rose of Sharon's husband grows sick of it all and leaves her, and simple-minded Noah is so enchanted by his first river that he stops there to spend his life fishing—this and much more is told with a realism and unforced pathos that make *The Grapes of Wrath* an emotional experience. This is one film you should see.

***The Joad family** are the most important film characters of the moment in London. They belong to "The Grapes of Wrath," screen version of John Steinbeck's novel, which is reviewed here and is being shown at the Odeon. Here are Pa, Uncle John, Granma, Granpa, Ma, the story's greatest character (Jane Darwell), Noah, and the two youngest members of the family, Winfield and Ruthie. Henry Fonda as Tom Joad has the chief part. More pictures of "The Grapes of Wrath" were in the "Bystander" of July 17th, pp. 82-3*

NOTHING Spencer Tracy does is wholly negligible, but even he is no better than his material. *I Take This Woman . . .* is a trivial, commonplace little story of a doctor who saves a woman from suicide and saves her again, by marriage, when she is about to bestow herself on a worthless lover. For a time she doubts herself. Will the old spell still work? There is only one test, according to the Hollywood code: she must visit the former lover's apartment and see whether her heart still throbs. The answer is that it doesn't—and this, I imagine, goes double for you. Hedy Lamarr is a very seductive young woman, but in every film there comes a time when, if the heroine can't make up her mind, why should you care?

IF you like hard-boiled comedy, let me recommend *Down Goes McGinty*. It begins with two men meeting in Mexico or thereabouts. One man has been a crook all his life and turned honest for a moment. The other has been honest all his life and yielded to a moment's temptation. Both have to leave the United States. The lifelong crook (Brian Donlevy), working as a barman, tells the other the story of his life—how a hobo worked his way up to the position of mayor and eventually Governor, and was then flung down to disgrace and gaol. Preston Sturges, who wrote the story, has a nice ironical humour, besides being a director of laconic wit. Akim Tamiroff, as a boss racketeer, and Muriel Angelus, as the climber's wife, help to make *Down Goes McGinty* a comedy of some merit.

"STRANGE CARGO" must be seen to be believed, and possibly not then. Somewhere off South America there is a French penal colony inhabited by tough convicts like Clark Gable, huge Cockney bullies like Albert Dekker (the mad scientist of *Dr. Cyclops*), girl entertainers like Joan Crawford, wife-poisoners like Paul Lukas, and informers with names like "M'sieur Pig" (Peter Lorre). You think you know the formula: but wait. One convict makes a break for the jungle, where crocodiles and savages (Curse those drums!) lie in wait. Just as a count is to be made, a gallant, kindly fellow (Ian Hunter) whom no one has ever seen before takes his place. The rest of the story is concerned with the Stranger's attempts to save the souls of all the escapees worth saving. The wife-poisoner alone eludes him. ("We shall not meet again.") The rest die in the odour of belated sanctity or live, like Mr. Gable and Miss Crawford, to repent and call him blessed. The Passing, as the wits cannot refrain from pointing out, of the Third Cell Back.

Married at Midnight

Gertrude Lawrence and Her Producer-Husband

Skylark, which Gertrude Lawrence's personal magnetism kept running in New York throughout last winter, is an indifferent comedy about an advertising man who neglects his wife because his mind is full of his work. That happens quite often in real life, but not to Gertie Lawrence. She is her husband's work, for the summer season at least, he being producer at the Cape Playhouse, summer theatre on Cape Cod where she is starring this season. They were married at midnight at Dannis, Mass., early this month. A pioneer of the summer theatre movement in the States, Richard Aldrich was one of the founders of the Jitney Players, forerunners of all those companies that nowadays dot the countryside in the hot weather. He is also a help-the-Allies enthusiast and first met his British-born wife when both were engaged on war work in New York. Gertrude Lawrence has been in America since 1936, when she went across with Noel Coward to play with him the leading parts in the acidulated drops called *To-night at 8.30*, which were first put on at the Phœnix in London that spring

Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Aldrich After Their Wedding

Gertrude Lawrence as the Neglected Wife in "Skylark," Her Most Recent New York Show

Telephones, *traditional bugaboo of the Civil Service, which prefers to "have it in writing" always, do not scare Sir Walter Monckton, who is one of the most successful examples of the policy of bringing men of high standing in other walks of life into the service of Government departments to put extra drive into the elaborate machinery of civil service*

Conference *with his private secretary begins Sir Walter's hard-working day. She is Miss Sheelagh Griffith, and war means for her, too, plenty of extra work. She is always at her post in the Ministry well before nine o'clock, and may not get away until all hours, while her chief himself never gets away at all, sleeping in the Ministry and ever at the beck and call of the omnipresent telephone*

O.C. Blue Pencils

Sir Walter Monckton at the Ministry of Information

In all the storms that have blown, and for that matter still blow, about the cloudy head of the Bloomsbury skyscraper which houses the Ministry of Information, one vital appointment that has always escaped criticism by reason of its aptness is that of Sir Walter Monckton, K.C.V.O., M.C., K.C., to be successively Director-General of the Press and Censorship Bureau and (in March) Deputy-Director General of the Ministry. Like Mr. Winston Churchill an Old Harrovian, Sir Walter, in the course of a brilliant legal career, became front-page news when, as Attorney-General to the Duchy of Cornwall, he took part in the negotiations that preceded the abdication of Edward VIII. He has won universal praise for the way he has brought his shrewd legal mind to the delicate job of balancing the demands of news-hungry editors and the native caution of Service moguls

Bedroom *of the Deputy Director-General of the Ministry of Information is a Spartan affair with a list of house-telephone numbers by way of decoration. This room is Sir Walter Monckton's wartime home, where he never comes off duty. And at eight o'clock every morning he is preparing for another day's active work by listening on the radio to the news which it is his responsibility to sift*

Breakfast *is no excuse for time off nowadays. Sir Walter ingeniously combines the morning cup of coffee with a telephone conversation and a conference with Charles Peake, head of the Foreign Office News Department and a key man at the Ministry, who also finds that war conditions mean abandonment of any ten-to-six ideas of working hours*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Marble Halls *intended for the Senate of the University of London now echo with the busy tread of Sea-Scout messengers carrying State secrets in despatch boxes bearing the Royal cipher. And the high priests of news and no-news-today-thank-you keep on conferring on their way from meeting to conference, from colloquy to confabulation. Here Sir Walter and Mr. Peake have picked up Lord Hood, private secretary to the Minister, Mr. Duff Cooper, and enlisted him as a third for their never-careless talk*

"Begin the Beguine" *is the star song of the film. Cole Porter wrote it before he was signed to compose for "Broadway Melody of 1940," and by last autumn it was already one of the most-played dance records over here. In the film's finale (above) "Begin the Beguine" is given a tropical night setting with star-studded sky, hanging palms, a sixty-foot-square swinging mirror for background, and a mirror floor*

The two greatest *screen dancers of the day met for the first time when they began rehearsing for "Broadway Melody of 1940." While they were working on their "Begin the Beguine" number, an alarm clock was used to wake them out of their dancing trance and remind them it was lunchtime. The new partnership is so successful that the next Astaire-Powell film was planned right away*

"Broadway Melody of 1940"

Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell Meet and Dance for the First Time

Astaire and Powell fans will be happier this week than they have ever been. At last these two brilliant dancers have been brought together and put into the same film. Broadway Melodies are lucky for Eleanor Powell; the 1936 one made her a star, the 1938 version gave her another upward break, and 1940 teams her with Fred Astaire, the only dancer whose fame out-tops hers, and shows her better than her own best. Add to this Cole Porter music, another excellent and personable dancer in George Murphy, a story as good as most of the many pegs that song-and-dance numbers are hung on, and there is *Broadway Melody of 1940*. Jack Cummings produced, Norman Taurog directed, the Regal (Marble Arch) has shown the film since last Friday

***Dance team** in the "Broadway Melody" story are Fred Astaire and George Murphy. One of them (Astaire) is to have a try-out as partner for a Broadway star (Eleanor Powell), but the wrong man (Murphy) gets the job. The slight story gives every possible excuse for Astaire to dance with Murphy, Murphy to dance with Powell, Powell and Astaire to get together, and finally, for happy ending, the three of them appear simultaneously as below*

Tank-like *circular rooms, their walls and doors painted with aerial landscapes, house the new visual Link Trainers. After six weeks of disciplinary and theoretical training the budding R.A.F. pilot does his first eight flying hours in learning the feel of a machine exactly reproduced by the stationary "Link"*

Models *are used by the instructor further to illustrate against the realistic background what really happens when an aircraft takes the air. One thing the pilot will miss when he gets out of doors is the tab (top left) giving him his compass bearing. Otherwise, as anyone who has travelled by air will see, the cyclorama gives a very vivid impression of the view from a couple of thousand feet*

He Flies Round the Room With the Greatest of Ease

Indoor Flying Instruction for the R.A.F.

Explanation *of the working of the controls precedes the first "take-off." From inside the cockpit the sensation is exactly that of being in control of a machine in the air, but from the instructor's point of view there are all sorts of gadgets to show (far more easily than were he actually giving dual-control teaching in the air) how the pilot is getting on, including scales to show the angle at which the 'plane's nose is being raised or dipped and at which it is banked*

Realism *of this method of instruction is shown by this photograph, picture of a very peculiar aircraft being piloted above real produce flying conditions; a helmet and goggles are worn*

Designer *of the cyclorama rooms in which the Link Trainers are operated, Raymond Myerscough-Walker has special knowledge of his subject in that he is himself a pilot*

Banking *over an imaginary harbour, the pupil obeys the instructor's orders to make a full 360-degree turn. Ultimate note of realism is the semi-circle of celluloid to reproduce the distortion of vision caused by a whirling propeller*

Mountains *which obscure the level horizon provide one of the four types of country depicted. Others are: sunny landscape with clear horizon, city with smoke-pall obscuring horizon, and sea mist with visibility nil. As he turns and is faced with these various views the pupil must use his instinct and his instruments to keep his machine's nose level*

THE Link Trainer, a stationary machine which answered to its controls and plotted on a map the course its pilot was flying, was a feature of R.A.F. blind-flying training before the war. Now in order to save time and petrol, the same machine has been adapted to give pilots their initial flying training. Instead of the hood, the cockpit is open and the pupil looks out at a landscape reproducing the view he would get from some two thousand feet up. Although this method can never wholly replace the old dual-control teaching in the air, it is valuable as saving both time and money, requiring neither petrol nor tuning-up, and being free from dependence on weather conditions

Photographs by Pictorial Press

hich might well be a remarkable untry. Great care is taken to re- d instructions given by telephone

Old Bill and Co.: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Nah then, Robin 'Ood, remembah! Don't start chuckin' this across the road till you gets the h'order! H'understand?"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Begone, Thou Wicked Spirit!

By V. S. Pritchett

THE Poltergeist or "racketing spirit" is the music-hall turn among psychic phenomena. It makes no melodramatic or picturesque gestures, does not appear like Hamlet's father on the castle wall, or walk about with its head under its arm, clank chains or pass through walls. It does not turn up sorrowfully in period costume. Clownish, irreverent, haphazard, not a little silly and futile and finally dying of boredom, the poltergeist is a humble pest. Dangerous when it drops lighted matches from the ceiling (as in the Amherst case) or throws hot coals on to the baby lying in the pram (as at Wem), it is usually a harmless if unnerving fantasy. The Wesley family became attached to their famous "old Jeffery," and the sight of a badger flying across the room or the usual stone-throwing did not upset them very much. The celebrated Drummer of Tedworth did indeed frighten children. "It put a long piked iron into Mr. Mompesson's bed and into his mother's a naked knife upright. It would fill porringers with ashes, throw everything about, and keep up a noise all day." The Proctors at Willington Mill stuck the devilries of their invisible tenants for years. Maddening rather than frightening, the poltergeist is a practical joker who overdoes it. When Mr. Proctor, awakened by a crash, cried out, "Begone, thou wicked spirit!", the crash was at once repeated and, if anything, louder than before.

MR. SACHEVERELL SITWELL'S *Poltergeists* (Faber; 15*s*.) contains a general introduction to the subject, or rather, an evocation of it; a poem on the *Demon of Tedworth*, by Miss Edith Sitwell, with advertising matter supplied by himself; some original narratives of outstanding cases—Epworth, Willington Mill, Tedworth, Hinton Ampner, Enniscorthy, Amherst and Worksop, etc.—together with an examination of the cases. The Sitwell affectations, pomps and semi-learned pernicketisings are here, sometimes rich and decorative, often tediously superfluous; but on the whole this is a pleasantly allusive and readable book. Many will be coarsely sceptical about the poltergeist. The preference for lonely and ancient houses is suspiciously literary; draughts under the door, mice in the linen cupboard, rats in the wainscot and even bats in the belfry suggest themselves at once to the plain man who is having no nonsense.

There remains, nevertheless, a respectable residue of evidence. Reports of the poltergeist are world-wide; they occur at all levels of human development, and they do the same things. That noise of filing, planing or of a clock being wound by which they begin, is general; so is the curving or wobbling flight of the objects. Pots and pans fly about in South America and Australia as well as Shropshire. Nor is the venue always an old house. The Enniscorthy case occurred in a new villa. Every known case has a child in it, and usually a child at the age of puberty. The phenomenon is at least interesting psychologically; and, as Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell remarks, recent study of the subconscious throws a tentative but suggestive light. In the Wesley case, for example, he makes the point that the manifestations occurred at the time when Mr. and Mrs. Wesley were seriously estranged and when Mr. Wesley had refused to cohabit with his wife until she (a Jacobite) stopped praying for the King over the water.

Balladist *Robert William Service is one of the many English people driven out of their homes in France by the war. Service, who has lived in Europe for twenty years, is now on the way, with his family, back to the scene of his early life and of much of his verse, Canada. He owns a house in British Columbia, the province where he originally worked on the staff of a bank before travelling up in the Yukon and becoming the gold-rush bard. A new volume of his verse, "Bar-Room Ballads," appeared as recently as last May. With him in this picture is his daughter Iris*

Mr. Sitwell asks: "Was she [the child, Hetty Wesley] the poltergeist herself, the child who was alive, but yet unborn, before her mother's estrangement from her father?" At the dark, dubious edge of this trackless speculation Mr. Sitwell very properly stops and retires once more to the comedies, freaks, horrors and fantastications of his subject. The book is admirably illustrated with silhouettes by Cruikshank and decorations by Irene Hawkins.

THE new Simenon is *Maigret to the Rescue* (Routledge; 8*s*.), and contains two of the investigations of this phlegmatic, patient, melancholy and mysteriously alert detective. The making of Simenon's great talent is his eye for detail, his acute sense of atmosphere. In the first story he is up on the Meuse, hearing as he arrives at the station the disorderly, dirty rumble of the river in flood, observing at once the animosities of the frontier people, the hard respectability of the Walloons, the jealousy of the French. He sets out these contrasts simply and unforgettably, with the economy and exactitude of de Maupassant. A family has engaged him to clear them from suspicion of murder. There is no wearisome statement and restatement of the case as in the English puzzle books; the reader's eye is fixed upon the detective, learning his character and his habits of mind, waiting for one of his astonishing cat-like springs: for example, the moment when he sends Anna downstairs to play "Solveig's Song" on the piano while he searches her cupboards for a clue. You watch him as closely as that frontier town watched his bulky, lonely, melancholy figure.

He scores points off the local police, of course; yet he is not detestably omniscient. "Have you discovered anything?" "I don't know." So refreshing to discover a detective who does not know! Again: "Maigret had not noticed before that the door to the kitchen was panelled with glass." Some of his discoveries are pure luck; for instance, finding the hammer in the bargee's cushion. There is no doubt in Simenon's mind that crime is an extremely dirty and unpleasant thing; that its sudden stain upon the least expected characters should fill one with dismay. The real clues are in the human heart, and he is very properly depressed by what he finds there. But Maigret's profession gives him a kind of sadistic affection for his quarry, like the hunter's when he picks up the bird he has shot and hesitates for a moment before putting it into the bag.

This comes out in the second story, which begins with a wonderful picture of a vulgar middle-class outing on the Seine. A group of awful people, the men dressed as women, the women as men, are out on a "binge" and are doing a mock wedding when the murder occurs. Maigret's cases are always fragments of real life. They always drag on as life does; he is always about to give them up and join his wife in Alsace. It is true that Simenon is free now and then with coincidences. But why not? This is part of life's irresponsibility. Against them must be placed the solid routine police work which always gets into the Simenon books.

A DESTROYER has been sunk and there are few survivors. Down at her country cottage Mary waits for news of her husband. Back we now go to her childhood, the cousins, aunts, uncles, Nannies and trappings of a comfortable country childhood; then on to her early love-affairs, her jobs and her meeting with her future husband, who is an architect in tow of a garrulous American lady looking for country houses. Such is the mild material of Miss Monica Dicken's *Mariana* (Michael Joseph; 8*s*. 6*d*.). Light, wistful, lively, its characters are pleasantly various and well portrayed. It is a novel of some zest, simple charm and stoicism.

I OWE an apology to Mr. Basil Collier. All the photographs in his book on Provence, *I Wore My Linen Trousers*, were by himself. In two only did he collaborate with Miss Helen Kapp.

Codford St. Mary *has the most rural-looking canteen of any yet visited by us. The building was once a barn, then a chicken-house, then a Women's Institute meeting-place. The surrounding walls, thatched at the top, are typical of Wiltshire*

Inside the barn *everything is orderly and compact, and has to be: space is precious. Behind the small counter are Mrs. Frank Sykes and Mrs. Houghton Brown, who lives at Fisherton de la Mere, a small village with a typically imposing West Country name*

Are You Being Served?

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

Oil stoves *for kettles and a small stove for cooking are all there is room for at Codford. Kettle-woman here is Mrs. Frank Sykes, whose husband is a farmer at Stockton*

Morning tea *and a bun around 11 a.m. brings in a batch of Codford "clients." Serving them is Mrs. "Teeny" Arbuthnot, whose husband is in the Signal Corps. She was staying with her sister, Mrs. Sneyd, head of the canteen*

Flowers *look well against Codford's whitewashed board and brick walls. In front sits Driver Fitch concentrating on a letter home, with a mug of tea to help him*

A coke boiler *in the Codford canteen water ing some off is Miss Betty daughter of Mrs. Houghton above). She used to live in*

Winterbourne Dauntsey *canteen is in the local camp and does a big trade as a general store (chocolate, soap, boot polish, razor-blades) as well as a restaurant. In its latter capacity the canteen has a permanent cake and meat pie boom (between 90 and 130 dozen cakes a day are sold). Serving here are Mrs. Jeffreys and Miss Lewington*

Nos. 22, 23, 24. Y.M.C.A. Canteens at Codford St. Mary, Blandford and Winterbourne Dauntsey

These three canteens, many miles from each other, come under the command of Harry Lyne, O.B.E., area secretary for Salisbury and District, with headquarters, store and bakehouse at Amesbury. (Larkhill, Marlborough, Devizes, already covered in this series, are also in the area.) All of them serve neighbourhoods in which the canteen is the only place where the soldier off duty can eat and write and play games and relax in a cheerful friendly atmosphere. Blandford's fine new hut contains a large canteen with a concert stage, a reading room, and good quarters for the paid staff, including the biggest kitchen yet visited. It opened on February 1st, with a large panel of voluntary workers, has served 1400 meals in a specially busy week. Mr. Bell, the secretary, was a Y.M.C.A. voluntary worker for ten years before his own business as interior decorator slumped with the war, and he took the paid post. Codford St. Mary's barn canteen is a particularly homely, attractive place. It is not a centre large enough for a paid secretary. Winterbourne Dauntsey has a new hut for its canteen, built in the camp near the village. Mrs. Olonzo Oxford is its secretary, and Mrs. Higgins is head of the voluntary staff

The library *at Blandford offers thrillers and detective stories in exchange for a shilling deposit (returnable). Mrs. Brownlow Stuart, wife of General Stuart, of Letton, Blandford, is doing librarian. She is head of the canteen*

The post office *is next the library, sells writing-paper to those who want a change from the Y.M.C.A. notepaper provided free in the writing-room. Miss de Winton does postmistress here*

yard holds the supply. Draw- Pike, grand- Brown (see Newfoundland

Blandford *canteen has a coal cooker on which Chef Billy Neevers is frying sausages. Behind is Mr. Bell, the secretary; in front is Miss Nova de Winton drawing off hot water*

On the counter *are Mrs. Brashaw, Mrs. Basil Hankey and Mrs. Tripp. Mrs. Hankey comes over from Tarrant Hunton, where her husband is Rector, to work in the Blandford canteen. The voluntary helpers here do not work in the kitchen, where a paid staff cook joints for the midday meal, eggs, pies, and chips for supper*

Be Prepared for Autumn

There is no extravagance about the new hats, none of the entertaining but unwearable details that usually appear in the early collections. But though this year's models are practical, there is nothing austere about them, and they have the same tonic force as ever. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, have an attractive variety, including the gay little coachman's hat above. Tilted forward, with a sharply-curling brim, it is held by a band at the back and softened by a wide-meshed veil. Another model has a high Welsh crown scooped out at one side, and a tiny flat sailor has an upstanding frill of coarse, stiffened net

Suits will be the answer to nearly all dress problems this autumn. They are practical for out-of-uniform war work, ready for action and attractive all day long. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have an interesting new collection, including the model above. Expertly tailored, with this season's longer jacket fitting closely over the hips, it shows how cleverly stripes can be used to give a slim and flattering line. They have a practical way of making an outfit last longer by providing a second skirt in the plain background material, to be worn on alternate days. There are other delightful tweeds for the country, including some with little velvet collars that could equally well be worn in town

Adbury House, near Newbury, is the Teviot Home

Lady Teviot at Home

Wife of one of England's newest peers, Lady Teviot lives with her husband and her six-year-old son, Charles, in a late eighteenth-century house near Newbury. There the household has undergone the customary wartime expansion, in this case by the addition of her baby cousin, Nicholas Villiers. Lady Teviot was Florence Angela Villiers before her marriage in 1930 to the then Colonel Charles Iain Kerr as his second wife. She is a kinswoman of the Earl of Clarendon and niece of the Earl of Enniskillen. Her husband is a Scot, a kinsman of the Marquess of Lothian, British Ambassador in Washington; he represented Montrose as a Liberal National from 1932 until he became a peer last month, was Liberal National Chief Whip for two years. He was formerly in the Blues, won the D.S.O. and M.C. in the last war, and is a member of a London stockbroking firm

Lady Teviot, Son Charles and Evacuee Nicholas Villiers

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Lawrence — Bishop

Major R. G. Lawrence, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, son of H. Gwynne Lawrence, and the late Mrs. Lawrence, and Gillian Winifred Bishop, elder daughter of the late Hugh Bishop, and Mrs. J. Hope-Johnstone, were married at Christ Church, Down Street

Murray — Gauvain

Captain Ronald Ormiston Murray, R.A.M.C., and Suzette Gauvain, only child of Sir Henry and Lady Gauvain, of Alton Park, Hants., were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, of Hillpark, Craigmore, Bute

Rowan — Hill

Sec.-Lt. James Birkmyre Rowan, R.A., eldest son of Capt. and Mrs. J. G. Rowan, of Kilmorack, Troon, Ayrshire, and Elsie Grace Eva Hill, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney E. Hill, of 7, Arthur Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham, were married at Edgbaston Old Church

Hall — Ward

Sec.-Lt. Joseph Rosling Hall, R.A., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hall, of Heasman's Mead, Forest Row, Sussex, and Barbara Ward, only daughter of the late Archdeacon J. W. Ward, and Mrs. Ward, of Little Gaddesden, Herts., were married at Christ Church, Brockham Green

McArthur — Dillon

Grant McArthur and Marcia Dillon, actress daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert J. Dillon, of Russell Court, Woburn Place, W.1, and Woodbridge, Suffolk, were married at Holborn Register Office. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. McArthur, of Maxholme, Coulsdon, Surrey, is training to be an R.A.F. pilot

Grinling — Palmer

Sec.-Lt. Robert S. Grinling, son of the late Harry Grinling, and Mrs. Grinling, of Belwethers, Cranleigh, Surrey, and Joan Mary Palmer, daughter of Captain G. E. Palmer, and Mrs. Trevor Hume, of Winton House, Ewhurst, Surrey, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Tucker — Barrington

Sec.-Lt. Keith Oliver Tucker, son of the Hon. Keith Ravenscourt Tucker, Financial Secretary, Northern Rhodesia, and Mrs. Tucker, of Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, and Winifred Barrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Barrington, of Great Missenden, Bucks., were married at Little Missenden Parish Church

Hiley — Pilkington

Stephen Gould Hiley and Honor Brocklehurst Pilkington were married at St. Margaret's, Altrincham, Cheshire. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hiley, of 32, Henley Grove, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol; hers are Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Pilkington, of Dunham Oaks, Altrincham

Searle — Poole

Sec.-Lt. Michael Searle, Royal Tank Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Searle, of Beckley, Sussex, and Margaret Poole, elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. W. M. Poole, of the Patch, Beckley, Sussex, and niece of Lord Ilkeston, were married at St. John's, Smith Square

Weaver — Howard-Stepney

Captain J. F. H. Weaver, 1st King's Dragoon Guards, and Mrs. Ursula Howard-Stepney were married at Chelsea register office. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. H. Weaver, of Rogie, Hook Heath, Hants. She is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. N. Horlick, of 93, Eaton Place, S.W.1

Birkin — Johnson

Charles Birkin and Janet Johnson, the Australian actress, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnson, of Melbourne, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the son of the late Lt.-Col. Charles Birkin, brother of the Marquise de Casa Maury and uncle of film actress Penelope Dudley Ward; he is now working at the War Office

Howard — Nicholl

Captain Henry R. G. Howard, 60th Rifles, only son of Brigadier and Mrs. Charles Howard, of Castle Rising, Norfolk, and Patience Nicholl, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Charles R. Nicholl, of 52, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road

Oliphant — Pilkington

An Edinburgh-Liverpool wedding was that of Sec.-Lt. Morton D. Oliphant, R.A., and Audrey Kate Pilkington, at St. James's, Piccadilly. He is the son of Kenneth Oliphant, of 6, Magdala Crescent, Edinburgh, and the late Mrs. Oliphant. Her parents are Colonel and Mrs. L. E. Pilkington, of 19, Greenbank Drive, Sefton Park, Liverpool

Davies — Greg

Major Henry Rodolph Hugh Davies, Grenadier Guards, and Helen Greg, only daughter of Major and Mrs. John Greg, of 59, Egerton Crescent, S.W.3, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the eldest son of General Sir Francis and Lady Davies, of Elmley Castle, Pershore, Worcs.

Piggott — Cottam

Major Francis James Claude Piggott, Queen's Royal Regiment, elder son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. F. S. G. Piggott, of Rapsley, Ewhurst, Surrey, and Muriel Joan Cottam, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cottam, of Moorside, Rotherham, were married at Rotherham Parish Church

Dr. Benesh, President of Czechoslovakia

Czech officers plan manœuvres at a camp in England, where the Legion — one of the finest-looking bodies of men in the Allied Forces (as witness the soldier at right) — have been re-formed after withdrawal from France

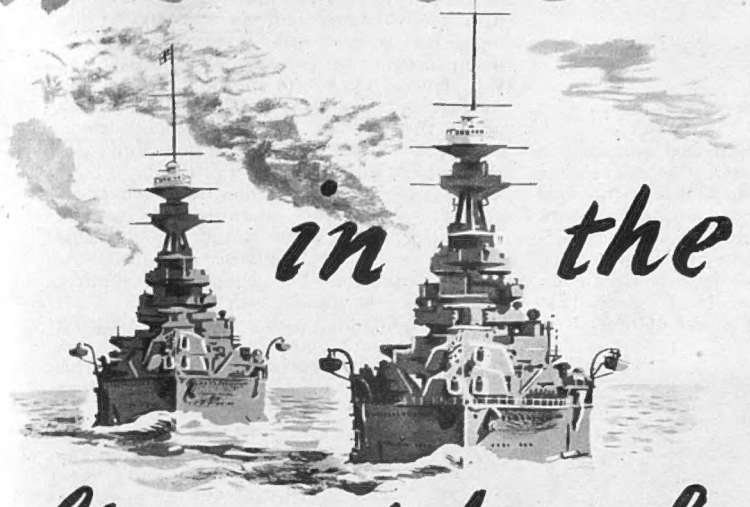
Czechoslovakia in England

Britain's Ally Forms Her Government in London

The O.C. Czech Air Force greets comrades with whom he lost touch before they were safely brought across from France

Two years ago people in England believed that "peace in our time" had been gained by feeding to power-hungry Hitler parts of Czechoslovakia. Dr. Benesh, patriot President of the dismembered country, went into exile. Six months later Hitler swallowed up the fragments we had left and guaranteed. Six months after that we went to war with Hitler. Immediately a Czech Legion was formed in France to fight side by side with the Allies for the liberation of Europe. Last month that Legion came across to England after the capitulation of France. Last week the British Government recognised a Czech Government formed in London by Dr. Benesh, who has never ceased to work for his country's independence. That is the recent history of the statesman and his fellow-countrymen, renowned as fighters for liberty in the last war, when contingents fought their way through the lines of their Austrian overlords to join the Allies who offered them independence. Heirs to the heroic tradition of those Czechs who, caught in Russia by the Revolution, battled 10,000 miles across Siberia to free themselves, this Legion of doughty fighters now stand guard over Europe's last bastion of freedom, that by standing fast in the defence of Britain they may regain their own country

War Bonds



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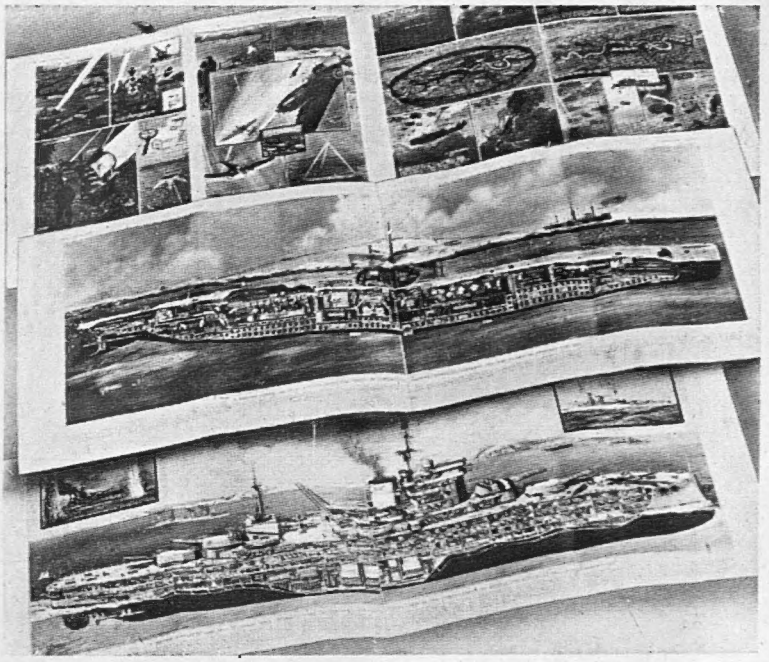
THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"



A large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist G. H. Davis, which have been published from time to time in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, are now available in collected form in a special 32-page publication entitled "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE." This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are reproduced as panoramas, EACH MEASURING OVER THREE FEET WIDE. The contents include many fine illustrations of British, French, German and Italian fighting 'planes with details of performance, armament, etc. Diagrammatic drawings clearly show how householders can best protect their homes against air raids, and the organisation of A.R.P. services. Searchlights and the balloon barrage are portrayed.

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"Bystander" Short Story

The Man Who Was Dead

By John Llewelyn Rhys : *Illustration by Alex. Jardine*

ALTHOUGH I was only a child at the time, the memory of him in the picturesque uniform of the Royal Flying Corps has never faded in my mind. My father was the parson and the Vicarage bounded on the Manor, so that we children all played together; games of Indians and Trappers and Explorers and Hunters, playing with that grimness and aggressive self-assertion of childhood that we like to forget when we grow older and become adult in body.

Ray was the eldest of the Squire's scatter-brained family and he used to roar with refreshing unexpectedness into our little world. Sometimes he was in a frail contrivance of silver, brave with Royal Flying Corps markings, that dipped and circled the chimneys, the regular stutter of its motor bringing the villagers out of their cottages, for it was not often that one saw an aircraft in 1917, frightening the stock on the village green, stampeding us children out of nursery or shrubbery into a silent worshipping group on one of the lawns.

At other times he appeared in a stripped racing-car, more than ever a God to us, with jauntily set forage-cap, ragged oil-stained flying-coat over the trim "maternity" jacket they wore in those days, his fingers yellow with tobacco smoke. (And now, if someone mentions his name, the picture comes swiftly to my mind, the tiny fair moustache, the pink cheeks and curly hair, the regular features still characterless, the speech the platitudes of a schoolboy, clothed in a charming stammer.)

He spoilt us all, remembering our names and fancies, bought us the outrageously expensive sweets and toys and poorly printed children's books of the time, unashamedly enjoying our excitement. A little while after this he went to France to one of the famous Fighter squadrons, shooting down several of the enemy before he himself was brought down in flames to spend the rest of the war in hospital.

WHEN he returned they made a fuss of him in the village. There was a reception, I remember, at the parish hall, with a tea thrown in, and my father and the doctor made speeches while he stood, supported by two sticks, on the stage. He made the conventional speech, but his smile had no kindliness in it, his tones were bored and that evening I heard Cook telling my nurse that the Squire's son was drinking "something awful."

Afterwards I went away to be very unhappy at a Public School, and in the holidays when I played with Ray's brothers I understood, from a dropped remark, a sidelong glance, a half-finished sentence, a frown from an elder sister, that there were money troubles and that Ray, who had failed in a garage venture, refused to work but claimed to be "looking after the estate" and was running up debts in neighbouring towns and drinking more heavily than ever. He had become such a black sheep that the family were almost proud of him.

"'*We got there,*' *I said*"

Sometimes my father, or a relation, would ask me what I wanted to do in life and I would always answer without hesitation, "Become an airman." Then my father would smile and tell me a story of a country boy who went to sea, his imagination fired by a picture at home of a beautiful sailing-ship on a tropic, placid sea. But I used to laugh, being sure with the untried confidence of youth and felt sorry for my father who, I thought, knew so little. And as I laughed I thought of a little fighter 'plane, starred with bullet-holes, the tattered fabric fluttering in little streams from the wings as I dived and rolled and looped, seeing my face, framed by a flying helmet and topped by Meyrowitz goggles, mirrored in the air-speed indicator, the earth tilting and swinging below, hearing the cry of the wind in the wires, feeling the slipstream leaning on my face. For I met Ray from time to time and our talk was always of flying.

At first he would be loath to speak, muttering that this shop would bore me, but as I insisted he would begin to talk of the old days, of training in the Flying Corps in England and flying with the legendary heroes in France. And then he would forget himself and there would be light in his eyes again, and the words would tumble one on the next as they had used to do, his drawl a thing forgotten.

IT was dusk as we came back from the raid. We had fought off a series of attacks by enemy fighters and one of my flight had gone down. I felt bad about it in an abstract fashion, for war drives home the place of chance in life, and against my judgment I found myself sentimentalising about the Captain who was an old friend of mine. I was seeking in my mind for the subject we had been chatting about as we went up to Flights from the operations room that morning, trying to remember what he last did in my presence that I, with the kindness of sentiment, might clothe his last actions in dignity, endow his last speech with wisdom.

The navigator came forward with a map in his hand and peered down into the grey evening. The other member of my show rode at my wing-tip, a big black shape, sinister in the half light, rising and falling as he hit the bumps, but never losing close formation, his red navigation light like an evil eye in the approaching night. Little tongues of flame licked out of his exhaust stubs. I was tired, my clothes were damp with sweat under my Irvin and I could smell the cordite from the gun turrets that still lingered in the machine. The rotten taste of oxygen was in my mouth.

Soon the navigator put up his thumb and pointed. The aerodrome was on the port bow. I altered course. Switching on my microphone I spoke to the crew. The wireless operator wound in his aerial, the gunners came out of their turrets. One of them was holding his arm which was bound with blood-stained emergency dressing. When I glanced anxiously at him he grinned and put up his thumb. I would have liked to have shot up the camp, but we had a few holes that might be in stressed parts so we flew low over the Mess and the groups of troops and workmen and Mess waiters and officers who were awaiting our return, dropped our wheels and flaps and landed.

It was some time before I left the operations room and walked slowly to the Mess with the pilot who had flown by my side for eight hours. He was a young Canadian and excitement and relief had quickened his slow Alberta speech. As we entered the foyer I could hear the sound of a party in the Ante-room.

"That 'll be the concert bunch," my companion said. "It 's Thursday. They 've been giving the troops a show."

"Of course," I said, "it 's Thursday." For out there is neither day nor night, nor winter nor summer, only light and darkness, heat and cold. One is either alive or dead, filled with hope or despair. One is laughing or crying. Now I was back in the real world of God and right and wrong and patriotism and money. "Of course," I said, "it 's Thursday."

We went in and I sat down in a corner. There was a terrific row going on. The male entertainers wore unbuttoned double-breasted dinner-jackets

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which displayed, usually, a gaudy pullover. The girls had too much make-up on and looked tired and in need of a rest and a good meal. Everyone was making a great deal of noise in their determination to be cheerful. All the guests were drinking Pimms and singing and whistling loudly through their teeth.

Then somebody saw us and in an instant the party was forgotten and we were surrounded. What had happened? Did we get there? What damage did we do? What happened to Jimmy? Was the anti-aircraft bad? Were there many fighters up?"

"We got there," I said.

"Any luck?"

"Yes. As far as I could see we blew the place to hell."

"Anti-aircraft?"

"Not bad," the young Canadian said. "Made the air a bit bumpy at times!"

"And fighters?"

"Not so hot," I said, "but one of them got a lucky shot in."

"Jimmy?"

"Yes."

"What happened?" the voices quiet now, almost casual.

"He was flying in tight formation with us for about a minute, with flames coming out of his turrets. Then he went slap into the drink."

"Anybody get out?"

"No," I said.

"That's tough. Young Smith was his second Dicky, wasn't he?"

"Yes," I said. I looked round the ante-room. One always found it hard to believe that one had been hundreds of miles over the sea, into an enemy country, fought a battle and returned. One had a feeling of leaving the Mess and then coming back into it again. It was the real and the unreal. "It's tough," I said. "It's tough," echoed in my mind. It just meant he was dead and wouldn't come into Mess any more. It just meant you lied and told his Missus you thought he was a prisoner of war. Through it all the familiar ring, "It can't be so hard," "It can't be so hard." Suddenly someone began to play the piano, the singing and whistling began again, a drink was pushed into my hand.

I talked to a blonde for a while. Underneath the make-up that deadened her features she had an interesting, intelligent face; but as she spoke she watched one of her companions, a seedy youngster who was tipsy and playing the piano very badly.

In a far corner was a newcomer to the Mess. He was one of the older officers who were taking over the ground jobs, held a very junior rank but had wings above his Pip, Squeak and Wilfred. I watched him for some time before I realised it was Ray, an older, fatter Ray. His neck was very red and bulged over his collar, his eyes were glassy. I waved to him and he came quickly to my side.

When we had talked a little he looked shyly at my stripes.

"I suppose I ought to call you 'Sir.'"

"Don't be an idiot," I said.

The drunken pianist began to play a song about hanging washing on the Siegfried Line. A sudden silence fell upon the crowded room, for songs like these are not popular among men who fight. The boy at the piano, oblivious of the faint disapproval about him, played on and on, lifting his hands high above the keys, sometimes striking a wrong note, happy as the central figure in a world of his own imagining.

"You've been on a show to-day?"

"Yes," I said.

"Hear you lost a machine?"

"Yes," I said.

He drained his beer at a gulp. "It's good to be back."

"Have a drink?"

"Thanks, I will."

The waiter grinned as I ordered and said he was glad to see me back. I asked Ray about his people. They were all well, he said. The blonde girl went over to the piano and took the boy away. She began to play herself, some classical stuff. It had a kick in it and she played it well, sitting stiffly, one shoulder a little higher than the other.

"I had a look at one of your machines to-day," Ray said; "they're very complicated, aren't they?"

"Not really, just a mass of gadgets you soon get used to."

"I suppose you're right." He drank deeply, then looked up at me with eyebrows raised. "It's a lot different, you know, from my day."

"I suppose it is."

"There isn't . . . well, it's just different."

"Yes," I said.

The Wing Commander came in and talked to me for a while. I introduced him to Ray. Ray began to talk. He called the senior officer "Sir" too often. Kept on referring to the '14-'18 campaign. Then the Old Man drifted away. I took Ray round and introduced him to the Squadron. "Nice lot of lads," he'd say as we walked from one group to another. "Nice lot of lads. We still have the stuff."

As I stood by the piano roaring out the old songs, I watched him drifitng from group to group, talking a little too much, laughing a little too loudly, a little too insistent in his self-depreciation, bragging, exaggerating, so delighted with himself that he had no hesitation in butting into any conversation, so eager to buy a round.

At last, when he had been politely elbowed out of every little clique, he went over to a group of the entertainers and I watched him as he stood in a circle of them. He had bought a round of Pimms and they were all listening eagerly to what he had to say.

THE END.

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The BYSTANDER in Wartime

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On duty here we often think
About the games of golf we've had,
And live again the joys we knew
Before this world of ours went mad.
We muse with pleasure on those times
And more particularly dwell
Upon the high spots we have known—
The shots we somehow played so well.

We're sure we never shall forget
The time we teed up on the third
And with a number two let fly—
The ball went soaring like a bird
And coyly landed on the green
And disappeared into the hole.
(We found out later, at the bar,
Success like this will take its toll).

We mind that day when with old Smith
We battled for the Captain's Prize.
He never seemed to find the rough—
Whilst we discovered dreadful lies.
He took us to the twenty first
And there at last he let us in ;
The putt was twelve yards if an inch.
It won't . . . . it will . . . . it's in the tin!

The day we did a round in fours!
When each approach was laid PIN-HI ;
The day we drove the sixteenth green
To win a sweepstake on the bye.
Yes, we remember shots like those—
Remember, too, the stir they made.
Our game was Supercharged, of course—
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